an immigration office, but upon entering the United States, under the supervision of a family physician in a safe environment.

There is a tradition in the Senate, to begin the day with a prayer from the Senate Chaplain.

Today, I would like to take a moment to end my statement with a short phrase from the Common Book of Prayer, a phrase that I hope will encourage and inspire my colleagues in these last few days of the 105th Congress to continue the work which we have been charged to do by the American people:

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.

Madam President, I am proud to stand before my colleagues today to say that with the passage of this important legislation, we have done those things which we ought to have done. I thank the Chair, and I yield the floor.

I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

ORDER OF PROCEDURE

Mr. BYRD. What is the order of business?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senate is conducting morning business and Senators are permitted to speak up to 10 minutes. There is also an additional order in which the time is controlled by Senator HELMS up until the hour of 10:30.

Mr. HELMS addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from North Carolina is recognized.

Mr. HELMS. I ask unanimous consent that the 30 minutes set aside for four Senators be postponed until the Senator from West Virginia completes his remarks.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. HELMS. I thank the Chair.

Mr. BYRD. Madam President, I express my gratitude to my friend, JESSE HELMS, for his characteristic courtesy and his gracious request to allow me to proceed at this point. I will try not to be overly long.

TRIBUTE TO SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY

Mr. BYRD. Madam President, William Manchester, writing in the book, ''The Glory and the Dream,'' would call the year 1932 ''the cruelest year.'' I was in the 10th grade at Mark Twain High School at Stotesbury in Raleigh County, southern West Virginia. Living in a coal miner's home, I saw and felt the Great Depression firsthand. Schoolteachers often had to reduce their monthly paychecks by several percentage points in order to get the checks cashed. The newspapers frequently carried stories of men who had jumped out of windows or pressed a cocked pistol to their temples, taking their lives because they had lost their lifetime savings, and their economic world had come crashing down around them.

Very few men in and around the coal fields had ever owned an automobile, and those who were fortunate enough to possess an automobile jacked it up off the ground and mounted the axles on railroad crossties to keep the tires from rotting while enough money could be saved to pay for a new license plate. Many children went to bed hungry at night, their families destitute.

The country had hit rock bottom, and West Virginia was one of the ''rock bottomest'' of the States. It is hard to imagine that things could have gotten much worse in southern West Virginia. There was little left but hope, and there was not much of that, hardly enough to go around.

President Hoover, against whom I would still be campaigning 20 years later, professed to ignore the crisis as a ''depression,'' he being convinced that a ''balanced budget'' was the most essential factor leading to an economic recovery. He still wore a black tie at dinner in the White House, even when the only other person dining with him was his wife, Lou.

Creature comforts were rare. Air conditioning was unknown, as were automatic dishwashers, electric toothbrushes, cassette recorders, garbage disposal units, electric can openers, vacuum cleaners, power mowers and record players. Phonographs were wound with a crank by hand. The family wash was done by hand on a washboard. Wet clothes were hung on a clothesline with clothespins to dry in the wind, and a refrigerator was simply an icebox kept filled by a man who knew how many pounds of ice a housewife wanted because she notified him by placing on the kitchen screen door a card with the number ''100,'' ''75,'' ''50'' or ''25'' turned up. Heavy irons for pressing clothes were heated on the coal-burning kitchen stove. Houseflies were always a summer problem, and the only preventives were spray guns and flypaper.

We were not used to much, and if we had never had much to begin with, we did not miss it.

Most of the coal miners by the year 1932 had a radio in their homes. It was a Majestic, an Atwater Kent or a Philco. At my house, a small Philco radio sat on a wall shelf, and it was there that we gathered on Saturday nights to listen to the Grand Ole Opry that was broadcast from Nashville, TN. I heard the ''Solemn Old Judge,'' the ''Fruit Jar Drinkers,'' DeFord Bailey on his harmonica, the Delmore Brothers, Roy Acuff, Minnie Pearl from ''Grinders Switch,'' Sam and Kirk McGree and Uncle Dave Macon picking the banjo ''clawhammer style.''

On some Saturday nights, I would play the fiddle at a small but lively square dance held somewhere in a coal camp where I lived or in a neighboring community. Times were bad, but life had to go on, and a Saturday night frolic helped to keep the spirits up.

Madam President, in that year 1932, a writer for the Saturday Evening Post asked John Maynard Keynes, the great British economist, whether there had ever been anything like the Depression before. ''Yes,'' he replied. ''It was called the Dark Ages and it lasted four hundred years.'' This was calamity howling on a cosmic scale, but on at least one point the resemblance seemed valid. In each case the people were victims of forces that they could not understand.

Mr. President, in that same year of 1932, there was born a child in Massachusetts, and his name was EDWARD KENNEDY. In 1932, of course, I knew nothing about EDWARD KENNEDY or EDWARD KENNEDY's birth. But today I rise on this Senate floor to salute one of the outstanding Senators in the history of this great body. He is a man whose expertise, hard work, and courage have set a lofty example to which every fledgling Senator should aspire.

On November 6, 1962, EDWARD KENNEDY was elected to the Senate, and so he is celebrating his 35th anniversary and we are celebrating the 35th anniversary of his arrival in the Senate.

I well remember the arrival of young EDWARD KENNEDY in this Chamber. Having been elected in 1962 at the age of 30, he was one of the youngest Members in Senate history.

While Senator KENNEDY may not have been the youngest Senator ever, he was certainly one of the youngest. Despite his youth, however, much was expected of this young man and I suspect that some may have wondered whether he was really up to the challenge. After all, Senator KENNEDY was representing a State that had provided the Senate with some its most memorable figures, among them Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, and Charles Sumner. In addition, Senator KENNEDY was elected to finish the term of the then current President, who was none other than his brother. When one remembers that another Kennedy brother was then Attorney General of the United States, one realizes why Senator KENNEDY was accorded rather more attention than the average freshman Senator.

I am gratified to report that, far from falling short of these grand expectations, Senator KENNEDY has exceeded them. He became an innovative and productive legislator. He also embarked on a path from which he has never varied: championing the interests of the working people, the poor, and the disadvantaged. His tenure as chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources during the 100th Congress was remarkable, both in the sheer volume of legislation that he sponsored and in the dedication that he displayed to improving the education and health of all Americans.